

me, but I don't know how it is with the commissioners. Are they as clear as I am? A long time ago this land belonged to our fathers; but when I go up the river I see camps of soldiers on its banks. These soldiers cut down my timber; they kill my buffalo; and when I see that, my heart feels like bursting; I feel sorry. I have spoken."

The above is a plain unvarnished statement of facts, such as no Indian on the plains could produce but Satanta. It must be remembered that in cunning or native diplomacy Satanta has no equal. In worth and influence Red Cloud is his rival; but in boldness, daring, and merciless cruelty Santanta is far superior, and yet there are some good points in this dusky chieftain which command admiration. If a white man does him an injury, he never forgives him; but if on the other hand the white man has done him a service, death can alone prevent him from paying the debt. The speech of Santanta caused the commissioners to look rather blank, and when he pictured in his usual graphic manner how he loved his land, his buffalo, and his traditions, there was a world of feeling in his tones, betraying his knowledge of the vast difference between the power of the aggressive pale face and his wanning race. A certain dim foreboding of the Indian's fate swept across his mind, and in its passage lit his eyes up with a fierce light, and his voice rose to a pitch of frenzy as he exclaimed: "We don't want to settle—I love to roam over the prairie; there I feel free and happy."

His farewell speech to the commissioners at the conclusion of the treaty is thus noted in the same newspaper:

On this occasion the old chief was accompanied by one hundred of the principal warriors of the Kiowa tribe; and immediately after its close, this tribe, as well as the Comanches, struck camp and left for the Cimarron River in the south. He spoke with a gravity and earnestness that added force to his words.

To be Continued.